

THE SENDING OF THIS SCRIPT DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AN OFFER OF A
CONTRACT FOR ANY PART IN IT

Rehearsal Script

Project No: 1/LDL J182E

"DOCTOR WHO" 7D

'Strange Matter' (W/T)

by

Pip and Jane Baker

EPISODE TWO

Producer	JOHN NATHAN-TURNER
Script Editor	ANDREW CARTMEL
Production Associate	ANN FAGGETTER
Production Secretary	KATE EASTEAL
Director	ANDREW MORGAN
Production Manager	TONY REDSTON
A.F.M.	JO NEWBURY
	CHRIS SANDEMAN
Production Assistant	JOY SINCLAIR
Designer	GEOFF POWELL
Costume Designer	KEN TREW
Make-Up Artist	LESLEY RAWSTORME
Visual Effects Designer	COLIN MAPSON
Technical Co-ordinator	RICHARD WILSON
Lighting Director	HENRY BARBER
Sound Supervisor	BRIAN CLARK
Video Effects	DAVE CHAPMAN
Special Sound	DICK MILLS

<u>OB REHEARSAL:</u>	30th March - 2nd April
<u>OB:</u>	4th - 8th April (5 days)
<u>REHEARSAL:</u>	10th - 18th April (8 days)
<u>STUDIO:</u>	20th & 21st April
<u>REHEARSAL:</u>	22nd April- 2nd May (9 days)
<u>STUDIO:</u>	3rd, 4th & 5th May

"DOCTOR WHO" 7D

'Strange Matter' (W/T)

by

Pip and Jane Baker

EPISODE TWO

REPRISE FROM EPISODE ONE

30'

opening title 50'

O.B.1

Ext. Lake. Lakertya. Day.

After soaring over
the lake, the
'bubble' plops
onto the mirror-
calm water and
skitters towards
a beach.

water spout

The detonator fails
to make contact
with the lake's
surface but the
danger is not
past.

The shore is
looming up and,
on its present
course, the device
will thump into the
bank.

In desperation, MEL
runs inside the
'bubble' to rotate
the percussion cap
out of harm's way.

She loses her
balance, disaster
seems inevitable.

Bursting from cover,
IKONA plunges,
waist-deep into
the water.

Although receiving
a buffeting, he
manages to steer
the 'bubble' onto
the beach.

Hissing slightly,
he tentatively
tests a bolt
bonding the
detonator to the
plastic shell.

MEL: Have you -

Her voice shatters
his brittle
concentration. He
glares at her.

(PERSISTING) Have you done this
before?

IKONA: This is the first time. And,
Mel, if you don't stop squawking -
it'll be the last!

Under MEL'S wide-
eyed scrutiny, IKONA
steels himself and
begins twisting the
bolt.

- 3 -

Slowly it eases.
Until, suddenly, it
jerks free.

END O.B.1

- 3 -

1. INT. LAB. DAY.

studio one

(AN EXPLOSIVE
ARC OF FIRE
CRACKLES AND
LEAPS THE GAP
OF A MEGAVOLT
CATALYST AS
THE DOCTOR WORKS
ON THE DAMAGED
MACHINE)

*Colin -
Something different
more explosive than
when machine
works.
? fuses 2 things together
inside machine*

THE DOCTOR: I can't help feeling
sorry for her, Mel. Though that *being*
trap out there was typical of the *her*
Rani. *caught in the only trap* *cool*

RANI: ~~Then~~ she's got nobody to blame
but herself.

right
THE DOCTOR: (UNCONVINCED) I suppose *you're*
~~so~~ ... But why was she prowling
around on Lakertya?

RANI: I should've thought the answer
was obvious.

THE DOCTOR: (STOPPING WORK) It is?

RANI: You must be on the brink of
a major discovery?

THE DOCTOR: It'd have to be a
cosmic breakthrough for a neuro-
chemist of her stature to come
storming the barricades!

(REINING IN HER
IMPATIENCE, THE
RANI PERSISTS WITH
THE SOPHISTRY, TO
COAX HIM BACK
TO WORK)

*R1 + R2 D1
she takes him
back to machine*

RANI: All the more reason for you to press on! Get there first! You've repeatedly said that in the wrong hands scientific knowledge can be dangerous.

THE DOCTOR: What scientific knowledge!

(FLAPPING HIS
ARMS IN
FRUSTRATION)

What am I doing! If only I could remember!

RANI: (EXASPERATED) Oh don't start that again!

(RECOVERING HER
MEL ROLE)

Look, Doctor, repair the machine and maybe we'll find the solution.

THE DOCTOR: (AGGRESSIVELY) The machine won't show me what's behind ~~that~~ *that* ~~those two~~ locked doors, will it! *The machine* ~~it~~ won't restore my memory, will it!

*he takes Rani
puts it in
machine*

(BAD TEMPEREDLY,
HE PLONKS THE
RADIATION WAVE
METER CLOSE TO
THE CATALYST)

If the Rani ~~is~~ *was* after my experiment, we must be playing with fire.

RANI: Forget her! She's finished! Destroyed!

THE DOCTOR: Is she? Don't underestimate her. She's an abomination. A brilliant but sterile mind.
(cont...)

(SPARKS FLY FROM
THE CATALYST)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) There's not a
spark of decency in her.

RANI: I'm overwhelmed.

THE DOCTOR: (PUZZLED) You are?

RANI: Such superior diagnostic
talents.

THE DOCTOR: It's my forte.

RANI: What a pity they can't be
concentrated on the machine!

THE DOCTOR: You're putting the
cart before the hearse, Mel.

RANI: ~~Hearse! Hum. You've got
death on the brain, Doctor.~~

back into machine
Rexdains
into the
eyebrows

117.1

O.B.2

Ext. Lake. Lakertya. Day.

Bubble disappears.

*Mel still in bubble
He manages to remove Detonator +*

IKONA lobs the
detonator out
into the lake.

An explosion
reverberates and
a spectacular
spout of water
fountains high.

We see the
'bubble' intact
on the beach.

SHOT ANGLED from
cliff top.
P.O.V. URAK.

Aided by IKONA
MEL is concentrating
so hard on squirming
through the
breach caused by
the removal of the
metal plate that
she does not
realise her neck
scarf has caught
up on a jagged
edge.

As they scamper
away, CAMERA TILTS
to the water's
rippling surface
where there is a
brief glimpse of
the reflection of
a partially winged
biped.

Cut to URAK's eye
END O.B.2

30"

2. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

sparks
(ALL THAT CAN
BE SEEN OF THE
DOCTOR ARE HIS
SNEAKERS. HE
HAS CRAWLED INSIDE
THE MACHINE.)

Colin
USING THE
RESPITE,
THE RANI ACTIVATES
THE MONITOR SCREEN
TO SHOW A SPACE
VIEW OF THE
PLANET AND THE
MALEVOLENT
ASTEROID.

calculations
SHE PUNCHES UP
CALCULATIONS
WHICH SHE CONTEMPLATES
THOUGHTFULLY.

R
THE DOCTOR FROM
THE BOWELS OF
THE MACHINE)

THE DOCTOR: And another thing,
why was the Rani dressed like you?

RANI: (DISINTERESTEDLY) Perhaps
she's fashion conscious.

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE) No, she was
disguised. Practising another of
her talents.

RANI: Really? (cont...)

AK (SHE SWITCHES OFF
THE MONITOR)

R₁

RANI: (cont) Are you going to be much longer in there, Doctor?

he comes out
machine

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE) 'Fraid so.
More haste ~~a~~ less vista!

R₂

(ASSURED OF HIS
PREOCCUPATION,
SHE WRITES
SOMETHING ON
A CARD, CROSSES
TO THE ARCADE
DOOR, TAPS
A NUMBER INTO THE
COMBINATION LOCK)

33^u

3. INT. ARCADE. DAY.

(WHILE CAREFUL NOT
TO ALERT THE
DOCTOR THAT SHE
IS QUITTING
THE LAB, THERE
IS NOTHING FURTIVE
ABOUT THE RANI
AS SHE ENTERS
AND QUIETLY CLOSES
THE DOOR.

SHE GLANCES ALONG
THE ROW OF
OFF-SET CABINETS)

2.
RANI: (SOFTLY) Beyus.

(BEYUS APPEARS
AT THE FAR END
WITH THE YOKE
AND BUCKETS LODGED
ON HIS SHOULDERS)

BEYUS: I was about to feed the
Tetraps.

RANI: When you've done that, I
want you to prepare another cabinet.

a final

(HE NODS AND
LEAVES.

SHE WALKS ALONG
THE ROW,
PASSING THE
LABELS 'EINSTEIN'
AND 'DARWIN'.

ON REACHING A
VACANT CABINET,

SHE SLOTS IN THE
CARD SHE IS
CARRYING.

A SMALL SMILE
EMBELLISHES
HER LIPS.

TIGHTEN INTO
C.U. THE CARD.
IT READS:

"THE DOCTOR")

225 55 3

4. INT. PORTAL. EYRIE. DAY.

(INHALING DEEPLY,
BEYUS BRACES
HIMSELF AND
REACHES FOR
THE LATCH)

QZ

10^u

5. INT. EYRIE. DAY.

(A RUSTLE OF
ANTICIPATION
SWELLS AS THE
INDISTINCT SHAPES
HANGING FROM
THE RAFTERS WELCOME
BEYUS'S ARRIVAL
IN THE MURKY
EYRIE)

10"

O.B.3

a) Ext. Lake. Lakertya. Day.

TIGHT on MEL'S
neck scarf attached
to the 'bubble'.

An obscene, downy
claw reaches INTO
SHOT and plucks
the scarf from
the 'bubble'.

b) Ext. Quarry. Day.

A bleaker, less
lush landscape.

Every prospect is
dotted with
boulders.

Loose shale and
sand conspire to
hamper the progress
of MEL and IKONA
over the uneven
and pitted ground.

They slither into
a crater and pause,
gulping air.

Circumspectly, IKONA
crawls to the rim
of the crater and
peers in the direction
from which they
came)

MEL: (PANTING) Any sign of the -
what did you call it?

keep going
IKONA: A Tetrap. ~~Let's go~~, Mel!

MEL: Hold on! Hold on! Look, I'm grateful for your help, of course, but gratitude isn't going to turn me into a puppet.

IKONA: I've already come to that painful conclusion!

MEL: Then tell me, are we just running scared, or are we heading for somewhere in particular?

IKONA: The answer to both questions is yes. Now can we go!

Another ANGLE
srcambling from the
crater.

MEL and IKONA
run to a rock face
laced with
vines.

Unerringly, IKONA
flicks one, untangling
it. Like the hideaway,
this is another of
his prepared defences.

MEL: You're full of surprises.

IKONA: It's known as survival.

He begins to climb.

I'm not prepared to be completely
supine ... unlike most Lakertyans.
Wait here!

Alone. MEL looks
about.

REVERSE ANGLE,
PANNING, MEL'S
P.O.V.

Although deserted,
there are many
outcrops and
boulders which
could afford cover
for Urak.

RESUME ON MEL.

Fidgety with anxiety,
she glances up
to where IKONA is.

CLOSE IKONA.

Standing precariously
on a ledge, he
delves in a fissure
and extracts
what appears to
be a firework.

After tucking it
into his belt, he
again forages in the
fissure.

RESUME ON MEL.

At a slight sound,
she turns towards
a craggy boulder
Nothing.

She squints skywards
at IKONA.

MEL: Hurry, Ikona! Hurry!

Unseen by her,
a scrawny,
membraned claw is
inching over the
craggy boulder.

REVERSE ANGLE
~~MARK'S~~ P.O.V.
URAK

The four elliptical
screens rapidly
become one as
URAK advances on
MEL.

TIGHT ON MEL.

She turns into
CAMERA and reacts
with terror.

C.U. URAK.

A ganrenous yellow
oily down covers
the vulpine, rodent-
like face.

It's splayed moist
nostrils and thin
sucking lips are
dominated by a
luminous eye
that glares unblinkingly
from beneath a
cockscomb of
bristle.

The veined bloodshot
orb has an enlarged
pupil with a green
halo.

Above each delicately
pointed pink ear,
a similar eye bulges,
a fourth, unseen,
adorns the back
of the TETRAP'S
skull.

A predatory grimace
exposes a venomous
forked tongue
spitting through
razor-sharp cuspids.

Over scene MEL'S
scream.

Full scene.

Aghast, MEL
retreats to the
rock face.

A rapid series of
sharp retorts come
from above.

Fireworks split
asunder and the
air becomes festooned
with shimmering
strips of foil.

URAK throws up his
arms as if to
shield his eyes.

URAK'S quad-view.

All four elliptical
screens disintegrate
into a turbulence
of static.

Full scene.

If URAK is
dissorientated, MEL
too, is confused
by the torrent of
foil.

The hanging vine
slaps against her.

IKONE: (VOICE) Up here! Quickly!

She climbs.

CLOSER IKONA.

He hauls feverishly
on the vine until
MEL scrambles
untidily over the
top of the rock
face.

IKONA decamps.
MEL follows.

RESUME ON URAK.

The foil strips
that played havoc
with the bat-like
radar of the
Tetrap optics,
are beginning to
settle, some
clinging to
URAK'S body.

His physique is
comprised of
jutting angular
bones contained
within a
greasy, brown
pelt.

From above the
elbows, a mucous
membrane connects
the spindly arms to
the trunk in the
fashion of a
cape.

The upper legs are
bulky haunches
that exude a sinewy
power.

Spitting venom, URAK
glowers up to where
his victim had
vanished.

END O.B.3

1'45~

1'40

6. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(IN ABSOLUTE DISBELIEF,
THE DOCTOR IS
READING THE
RADIATION WAVE
METER)

THE DOCTOR: I can't understand
how I could make such a
fundamental mistake.

*She takes out
plastic*
quotes plastic
(WITH ALMOST
DEMENTED FERVOUR,
HE TRIES TO
RIP THE DAMAGED
~~CASING OFF~~ *plastic from*
THE MACHINE)

RANI: Let me.

*Dr takes out bit for
stethoscope*
(ELBOWING HIM
ASIDE, SHE
UNCLIPS THE
CASING WITHOUT
DIFFICULTY)

What was the mistake?

see for yourself
THE DOCTOR: You saw. The heat,
radiation from the catalyst was of
high frequency.

RANI: I - er - you used the wrong
heat conducting material?

(THE DOCTOR
NODS, TAKES
THE CASING AND
INSPECTS IT)

THE DOCTOR: So elementary. I broke the Second Law of Thermodynamics.

RANI: If we substituted a suitable material - would it work?

THE DOCTOR: You should be able to answer that, Mel. Didn't C.P. Snow expound on thermodynamics?

(CARELESSLY TOSSING
ASIDE THE CASING,
HE BEGINS PROWLING
THE LAB)

RANI: Doctor, is this relevant?

THE DOCTOR: You told me you admired his writings. Read all his books.

RANI: I've obviously forgotten.

(THE REMARK STOPS
HIM IN HIS
TRACKS)

THE DOCTOR: Forgotten, Mel? You? A kangaroo never forgets.

RANI: (AUTOMATICALLY) Elephant!

THE DOCTOR: That's it! Memory like an elephant. (INTROSPECTIVELY)
A running gag ... applied to you, Mel ... I feel sure.

RANI: Perhaps the machine blowing up affected my memory, too. What were the readings?

(HE SHOVES THE
RADIATION WAVE
METER AT HER)

insert
THE DOCTOR: Take it! Read for yourself!

(CROSSING TO
THE MONITOR, THE
RANI BEGINS FEEDING
IN THE READINGS.

SCAVENGING IN THE
DEBRIS OF HIS
REPAIR EFFORTS,
THE DOCTOR
CANNIBALISES
A T-JOINT AND
A LENGTH OF
THIN RUBBER TUBING.

large pyramid
HE CUTS THE TUBING
WITH HIS PENKNIFE
AND FITS THE
PIECES INTO THE
T-JOINT. HE
NOW HAS A THREE
ENDED TUBE.

INTO ONE END
HE INSERTS A
GLASS FUNNEL. THE
OTHER TWO ENDS
HE STUFFS IN
HIS EARS, AN
IMPROVISED STETHOSCOPE.

HE CHECKS WITH
GREAT INTEREST
BOTH HIS OWN
TWO HEARTS, THEN
GOES TO THE
SPHERICAL CHAMBER,
PLACES THE FUNNEL
AGAINST THE PANEL.

ON HIS REACTION,
OVERSCENE AN
ALMOST EARSPLITTING
THROBBING SIMILAR
TO A PULSE BEAT)

MODEL SHOT 1:

Ext. Laboratory.
Complex. Day.

Nestling in a hollow
is a structure that
is a bizarre mixture
of styles.

The main building
is a tasteful
architecture
of marble, vaulted
columns, framing
panels of pastel
yellow, green
and orange, all
surmounted by
a gracefully
proportioned
pyramidal roof.

The harmony of
the edifice has
been violated by
the utilitarian
ramp of a
futuristic rocket
launcher that
thrusts through
a rent in the
roof.

IKONE: (VOICE) That's where
they've set up headquarters.

END MODEL SHOT 1.

O.B. 4

Ext. High Ground. Day.

MEL and IKONA
are looking
down on the
building.

MEL: Then that's where The
Doctor will be.

IKONA: You can't be sure.

MEL: I can! You don't know
The doctor.

IKONA: If he's in there, I probably
never will!

MEL: There's no if about it.
He's in there.

END O.B. 4

MODEL SHOT 2:

Ext. Laboratory.
Complex. Day.

SLOWLY CENTRE ON
the launch ramp.

MEL: (VOICE) Any idea what the
ramp's for?

IKONA: (VOICE) All I know is
that building it cost the lives
of many Lakertyans.

END MODEL SHOT 2.

O.B. 5

Ext. High Ground. Day.

MEL: Something must have gone
~~desperately~~ wrong.

tambly

IKONA: The logic of that ~~misses~~ *escapes* me.

He moves away.

MEL tags along.

MEL: They kidnapped The Doctor.
No-one would do that unless they
were desperate for his help. He's
not exactly predictable!

END O.B. 5

40ⁿ
(36)

7. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(THE RANI IS STUDYING
EQUATIONS ON
THE MONITOR)

RANI: Would phb or pes do?

(NO RESPONSE
FROM THE DOCTOR
WHO IS STILL
LISTENING AT
THE PANEL TO
THE SPHERICAL
CHAMBER.

IRATELY, THE
RANI STALKS
TO HIM, AND YANKS
THE RUBBER TUBING
FROM HIS EARS!)

THE DOCTOR: What? What?

RANI: I asked you a question!

THE DOCTOR: (ABSENTLY) You did?

(INDICATING PANEL)

Mel. There's something caged in
there.

RANI: (DISMISSIVELY) No doubt.
Would phb or pes do?

(HE FROWNS)

As a substitute material for the
machine casing!

D1

THE DOCTOR: Oh ... yes - I'd prefer the phb. It's biodegradable. Don't want to litter up Lakertya with non-destructible waste like they're doing on your planet, Mel.

(HE BEGINS AN
ERRATIC SEARCH
OF CUPBOARDS
ETC)

RANI: What're you looking for?

THE DOCTOR: Sugar and starch. We could ferment our own.

RANI: You won't find them here. What about the alternative?

THE DOCTOR: P e s? That's *not so good*
~~hopeless~~. It's a petroleum based plastic.

Amber coloured
RANI: Slightly amber? Almost *opaque*
~~transparent?~~

THE DOCTOR: Yes.

(SHE SLAMS
SHUT A DRAWER
HE IS RUMMAGING
IN)

RANI: I know where there's some.

Where?

(HE LOOKS AT
HER IN SURPRISE)

Law: the Lakertyans have some

You complete the repair while I get it.

*one says from
ARC*

(HE PICKS UP THE
IMPROVISED ACETYLENE
TORCH, HESITATES)

THE DOCTOR: I thought you said
the Lakertyans were not very
advanced.

*She presses button
* door shuts.*

RANI: Did I?

THE DOCTOR: Yes. When we discovered
that sad skeleton.

(SHE SHRUGS
AND LEAVES)

he tries to open door.

42ⁿ

O.B. 6

Ext. Path. Lakertya. Day.



TIGHT ON SKELETON
and PAN UP.

In the distance,
a LAKERTYAN FEMALE,
FAROON, approaches.

CLOSER MEL and
IKONA concealed
by bushes.

IKONA has seen
FAROON. He
reacts with
concern.

IKONA: (TO MEL) Stay put.

Stepping out
onto the path, he
hurries towards
his compatriot
determined to
divert her attention
from the skeleton.

(CALLING) Faroon!

A regal, handsome
FEMALE in her
middle years,
she regards IKONA
with affection.

FAROON: I'm glad to see you, Ikona.
Although I shouldn't be.

IKONA: Does sitting on opposite
sides of the fence mean we can't
still be friends?

FAROON: I'm afraid it does when you cut yourself off from the rest of us. And deliberately oppose Beyus's instructions.

IKONA: I can't accept he's right to collaborate.

FAROON: He's being held hostage. He has no choice. It's the only way Beyus can save us from destruction.

They are abreast
of where MEL
is. She steps
onto the path.

MEL: (INDICATING SKELETON) He didn't save her, did he?

FAROON is startled
by MEL'S appearance.

IKONA: She won't harm you, Faroon. She's not with the Tetraps.

Easing IKONA aside,
FAROON goes to
where the skeleton
lies.

FAROON: (TO MEL) You said ... 'her'?

MEL: Yes. She was running ^{away} from something.

FAROON: You saw what happened too, Ikona?

No response.

You're not usually so reluctant to air your thoughts. (cont...)

Still no response,
She addresses MEL.

FAROON: (cont) From which
direction did she come?

MEL: (POINTING) Along there. As
though she was escaping from the
Tetrap headquarters.

IKONA: ... It was - Sarn.

She goes to skeleton
Sadly. FAROON
turns away,
and stands
contemplating
the skeleton.

MEL: (QUIETLY TO IKONA) Who was
Sarn?

IKONA: The daughter of Faroon and
Beyus ...

Mel goes to her.

MEL: (TO FAROON) I'm sorry. I
didn't realise ...

FAROON: I - I had to be told.

Ikona goes to her

IKONA puts
his hand gently
on FAROON'S
arm.

IKONA: There was nothing could be
done. She stepped on a trap.

FAROON: Yet another victim ... I
must go to Beyus ...

She goes in the
direction from
which Sarn had
come.

Keeping her
distance, MEL
begins to tail
FAROON.

IKONA: Where d'you think you're
going?

MEL: If Beyus is collaborating,
he must be in the Tetrap headquarters. +1
still reckon that's where the Doctor is

Reluctantly,
IKONA follows
MEL.

END O.B. 6

*I still reckon that's where the Dr will be
1'30"*

1'55"

*earlier she has said that is
where the Dr will be -
Faron-Beyus - she must know.*

MODEL SHOT 3:

Ext. Laboratory.
Complex. Day.

ANGLE IN ON the
HQ to suggest we
are CENTERING
ON the perimeter
grounds.

END MODEL SHOT 3.

O.B. 7

a) Ext. H Q Grounds. Day.

The RANI strides
purposefully,
intent on collecting
the p e s plastic.

6"



Farooon passes

b) Ext. Outside H Q Grounds. Day.

From a concealed
position, MEL
and IKONA sees
URAK allowing
FAROON access
to the grounds
of the H Q.

IKONA: You're still determined
to get in?

MEL: No matter what the risk.

IKONA: Madness!

Glancing at URAK!

It must be contagious! I'll draw
him off ...

CLOSER URAK.

A movement on a
nearby ridge
alerts URAK.

Wm
Net at the ready,
he advances.

Pretending to be
flushed from cover.
IKONA is briefly
outlined on the ridge,
before making off.

URAK gives chase.

MEL nips into
the HQ GROUNDS.

ANGLE FAVOURING
URAK. He spots
MEL. Baring
gleaming cuspids,
he abandons his
pursuit of IKONA
and lopes after
MEL who has
disappeared into
the shrubbery.

c) Ext. H Q Grounds. Day.

Wm
The back of MEL'S
mop of red
curls come into
view as URAK
steals from
the shrubs
and casts his net.

Caught unawares
by the attack,
his VICTIM is
snared in a
dazzling display
of static.

END O.B. 7

BB HS
/ abtc

8. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(PUTTING THE
ACETYLENE TORCH
ON THE WORKBENCH,
THE DOCTOR,
STUDYING THE
WHOLE RANGE
OF APPARATUS,
REVERSES TOWARDS
THE ENTRANCE.

SIMULTANEOUSLY,
THE ENTRANCE
DOOR OPENS AND
A FIGURE WITH
A MOP OF RED
CURLS, BACKS
INTO THE LAB.

TO BUMP INTO
THE DOCTOR!

THEY SPIN ABOUT.

STARE AT EACH
OTHER)

MEL: Who are you?

THE DOCTOR: You!

(WARILY THEY
BEGIN CIRCLING)

Where's Mel?

MEL: Where's The Doctor?

(MEL PAUSES,
CONFUSED)

THE DOCTOR: (BELLIGERENTLY) What've you done with her?

(HE LUNGES AT
MEL - WHO
DUCKS BENEATH
HIS EXTENDED
ARMS)

MEL: Stay away from me! What've you done with The Doctor?

(PICKING UP THE
ACETYLENE TORCH,
SHE FLOURISHES
IT AGGRESSIVELY.

A THREAT MADE
COMICAL BY
ITS WEAK
FLAME.

SNEERING, HE
ADVANCES.

HASTILY SHE TURNS
UP THE GAS, FORCING
HIM INTO AN
UNDIGNIFIED WITHDRAWAL
FROM THE SPURTING
TONGUE OF FLAME)

THE DOCTOR: Aaah!

(SHE GOES OVER
TO THE ATTACK.

HE RETREATS,
TRIPPING OVER
A CABLE)

MEL: Now we'll get the truth! (cont...)

(HE GRABS THE
STOOL TO FEND
HER OFF, BUT THE
SEAT COVER CATCHES
FIRE IN THE FLAME.

D,

welding
torch

she throws him

she has him on
floor

she is overpowering him

THE DOCTOR
DROPS IT AND
SNATCHES A
PIPETTE. UNLIKELY
FENCERS, THE
PARRY AND THRUST)

MEL: (cont) Where's The Doctor,
you brute?

THE DOCTOR: Here.

MEL: (LOOKING ABOUT) Where?
Under the carpet!

he overpowers her

THE DOCTOR: ~~There isn't any carpet~~
Me, you wretched woman. Me!

he pins her.

MEL: Never! You're nothing like
him. If The Doctor's been harmed
I'll -

puts her down

THE DOCTOR: (OVER HER) Drop the
melodramatics! Your pathetic
impersonation doesn't fool me. *at all*
Incidentally, that wig's not ~~at all~~
you.

*he smacks her by
her hair*

MEL: You should talk! The
Doctor's no oil painting, but you'd
frighten the cat! Oh - !

(THE TUBING FEEDING
THE FUTURISTIC
ACETYLENE TORCH
IS FULLY EXTENDED -
BRINGING HER TO
AN ABRUPT HALT!)

(1)

(109)
2nd.

(57)

O.B. 8

Ext. H.Q. Grounds. Day.

WIG ASKEW, THE STUNNED
RANI LIES ON THE GROUND.

HER ARM IS ENTANGLED IN
URAK'S NET AS HE
RECLAIMS IT.

CASUALLY, HE KICKS THE
ARM ASIDE CAUSING HER TO
STIR AND RECOVER
CONSCIOUSNESS.
IMMEDIATELY HIS ATTITUDE
CHANGES AND HE ATTEMPTS
TO ASSIST HER TO HER
FEET.)

URAK: I am sorry ... Mistress.
I had not seen you dressed ...
in these clothes ... before.

RANI: (THRUSTING HIM AWAY) Inquests
bore me.

✓

END O.B. 8

9. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: I knew you weren't finished, Rani. I told Mel as much.

MEL: You told me?

THE DOCTOR: Not you. Mel.

(HE IS CIRCLING,
OUT OF RANGE,
AND HAS A
STRATAGEM IN
MIND)

MEL: I am Mel. Who's the Rani?

THE DOCTOR: Try looking in the mirror. The face of evil.

MEL: I've had enough of this drivel. ~~Either you come clean or I'll burn the place down!~~

(A THREAT MADE
RISIBLE BY THE
DOCTOR, WITH
A KUNG FU YELL,
HE SPRINGS ONTO
THE WORKBENCH
AND STAMPS ON
THE ACETYLENE
TORCH'S TUBING.

THE FLAME DROOPS
TO A PUNY
FLICKER. SPLUTTERS.
DIES.

*they party
round the table*

LEAPING DOWN,
THE DOCTOR TAKES
THE INITIATIVE)

THE DOCTOR: ~~Getcha!~~

(MEL NIPS TO
THE OTHER
SIDE OF THE
WORKBENCH.

AFTER SEVERAL
FRUSTRATING,
DODGING EVASIONS,
THE DOCTOR
RECOGNISES THE
IMPASSE)

All right, a compromise. Let me
feel your pulseS

MEL: Don't touch me!

THE DOCTOR: Ahah! The proof of
the pumpkin's in the squeezing!

*she goes for him
M. D.*

MEL: You don't even talk like The
Doctor, you miserable fraud!

*Two at a time
just as have*

THE DOCTOR: Come along, let's feel
your pulse - pulses, I should say.
One for each heart!

stet MEL: You're a raving lunatic!

stet THE DOCTOR: Yes, perhaps I am.
as If you're the Rani, I'm flirting
with destruction.

MEL: ^{but} And if I'm Mel?

THE DOCTOR: Mel? The worst she'd do is give me carrot juice.

(HE PAUSES,
PERPLEXED)

Carrot juice ... what made me think of that?

(THE REMARK
HAS CHANGED
MEL'S ATTITUDE.

MEL DELIBERATELY
TRYING TO CATCH
HIM OUT)

MEL: Perhaps the real Doctor told you. It was his favourite drink.

THE DOCTOR: Favourite? I hate it.

MEL: Oh?

THE DOCTOR: Aha! Caught you out, didn't I?

MEL: (STILL PUZZLED) If you're -
The Doctor, why d'you look like that?

THE DOCTOR: I've regenerated. And I'm suffering from post regeneration amnesia. ~~At least, that's what I thought ...~~ ^{As far as I can remember.} (cont ...)

(HE RUBS THE
INJECTION MARK -
AN IDEA)

THE DOCTOR: (cont) Exchange is
no mockery - you feel my pulses. *(U feel yours)*
Go on. You want proof I'm a Time
Lord.

(MEL STILL KEEPS
HER DISTANCE)

Look, I'll lean across ^{here} ~~the workbench~~
with my other hand behind my back.

(HE LEANS ACROSS -
AT FULL STRETCH)

Go on!

(MEL FEELS HIS
PULSES. FROWNS)

MEL: A double pulse! You really
are The Doctor!

THE DOCTOR: That's what I've been
telling you! Yours now.

(SHE OFFERS HER
WRIST, NO
LONGER IN DOUBT)

MEL: I knew about regeneration,
of course. I was with you during
your trial.

(FAILING TO FIND
A SECOND PULSE,
HE PATS HER
HAND AS HE LETS
IT GO)

THE DOCTOR: We Time Lords have thirteen lives... *Mel*

(he feels up down her arm only feels one pulse)

MEL: But - you're completely different. Nothing like you were. Face. ~~Size.~~ *height* Hair. Everything's changed.

*— Mrs to Dr. M.
she paces*

*Dx to her. Dr.
he puts arm round her.*

THE DOCTOR: Become more of a fool, too, it seems, Mel. Doesn't bode well for my seventh persona, does it? Being so completely taken in by that wretched Rani.

she the one that
MEL: The Rani? Is that who hijacked the Tardis?

(HE NODS.)

HIS RESTLESS
ATTENTION TURNS
TO THE MONITOR)

THE DOCTOR: What is it she wants me for ...?

1'33"
he twiddles knobs on worktop.

2'05"

2'31"

2'28"

O.B. 9a.

Ext. Rani's Tardis. Day.

(THE RANI AND URAK.
SHE ENTERS HER TARDIS
(THE WARDROBE WITH
CONCENTRIC RINGS) URAK
GOES TO FOLLOW)

RANI: Where do you think you're
going?

URAK: With you, Mistress ...

RANI: I've told you not to enter
my Tardis without permission!
Stay here!

(SHE ENTERS)

END. O.B. 9a.

15
(23)

O.B. 9b.

Ext. Outside HQ Grounds. Day.

IKONA has returned
to the fringe of
the lab complex
where he left Mel.

(Insert Model Shot
of lab complex.)

RESUME ON IKONA.

He looks away
from the lab
complex and
squints skywards.

END O.B. 9b.

MODEL SHOT 4:

Ext. Deep Space. Day.

The asteroid of Strange
Matter travels in orbit
round the planet of
Lakertya.

END MODEL SHOT 4. 5"

*Good for.
ground view of
Asteroid only*

10. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(TIGHT ON THE
MONITOR SCREEN.

diff angle?

THE SHADOW OF
THE ASTEROID
IS TRAVELLING
OVER THE PLANET
OF LAKERTYA.

A FINGER JABS
AT THE ASTEROID.

PULL BACK)

THE DOCTOR: Strange Matter.

MEL: Never heard of it.

THE DOCTOR: You should have, Mel.
A Princetown physicist discovered
it in the Earth year nineteen eighty-
four.

MEL: Computers are my speciality,
not nuclear physics.

THE DOCTOR: It's an incredibly
dense form of matter. A lump of
size of this - (THUMPING THE *move from*
WORKBENCH) - would weigh ~~as much as~~
your planet Earth.

He picks up body.

(MEL BLINKS
AT THE SCREEN
IN AWE)

MEL: What can the Rani's interest
be?

12

THE DOCTOR: An astute question.
If that asteroid exploded, it
would send out a blast of gamma rays
equivalent to a supernova!

(HE PROWLs
THE LAB, TRACING
THE PIPES)

MEL: (GAZING AT ASTEROID) And then
it'd be goodbye Lakertya.

D2 puts a stethoscope (attached robotically).

THE DOCTOR: With everything else
in this part of the galaxy. When
the Rani dabbles, she dabbles on a
grand scale. Listen.

M7

(HE HAS HIS EAR
PRESSED TO THE
PANEL OF THE
SPHERICAL CHAMBER.

MEL OBEYS.

OVERSCENE THE
THROBBING)

MEL: Weird. Like a giant heartbeat.

(HE STRIDES AWAY,
RAPPING THE
MACHINE AND THE
CRYSTAL TANK)

D. D² M.
They go to
Arcade Door

THE DOCTOR: But why, Mel? Why?
What's she up to? It starts
here!

(HE RAPS ON
THE ARCADE
DOOR)

7/10

11. INT. ARCADE. DAY.

(BEYUS, COMFORTING
FAROON, STANDS
NEAR THE DOOR
TO THE LAB)

MEL: (VOICE) Forget it, Doctor.
Let's high-tail it to the Tardis
and get away from here.

THE DOCTOR: (VOICE) What! Abandon
these Lakertyans to the Rani's
machinations! Impossible!

Asteroid still
on.

12. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(HE FIDDLES WITH
THE COMBINATION
LOCK)

THE DOCTOR: Given time, I ^ucould
work out the combination, ~~but we'll~~
~~have to break -~~

BEYUS: (VOICE) Nine - five - three.

THE DOCTOR: Did you hear a voice?
Or am I hallucinating?

MEL: Go on! Quick! Nine - five -
three!

THE DOCTOR: (CODING IN NUMBERS)
Who'd've thought she'd've been so
obvious? That's my age -

(THE DOOR SWINGS
OPEN TO REVEAL
BEYUS AND FAROON)

MFI) Stand back +
watch door open.

- and the Rani's!

130"

152"

13. INT. RANI'S TARDIS. WORKROOM.

(THE RANI IS
SORTING THROUGH
SHEETS OF PLASTIC
IN A RACK AMIDST
THE MISCELLANEOUS
COLLECTION IN
HER WORKROOM.

SHE SELECTS AN
AMBER SHEET
AND EXITS)

↓
cut it to size on laser

O.B. 10

Ext. Grounds. HQ. Outside Rani's Tardis. Day.

URAK waits beside
the wardrobe.

Carrying the plastic
sheet, the RANI
steps from the
wardrobe.

RANI: That girl's on the loose.
Find her before she
finds the Doctor.

URAK: Yes, Mistress ...

They go their
different ways.

END O.B. 10

14. INT. ARCADE. DAY.

(MEL IS READING
THE LABELS
AFFIXED TO THE
OFF-SET CABINETS)

M1
Algebra of Alexandria -
Archives Einstein
MEL: Darwin ... Za Panato ... Louis
Pasteur.

BEYUS: Names which are meaningless
to us.

D
M2 D2
F1B1
THE DOCTOR: Geniuses. Every one of
them. The Rani's brought together
the most creative minds and the most
powerful matter in the Universe.
(The scope of her imagination is
breathtaking.)

BEYUS: (BITTERLY) You sound as
though you admire her.

FAROON: A murderess. Sarn was not
her first victim. There have been
many.

(BEYUS PLACES HIS
HAND ON FAROON'S
SHOULDER)

THE DOCTOR: Not admiration.
Fascinationg. And sadness. If only
the Rani could have directed her
exceptional talents for good.

Mel Porter.

D1

(MEL HAS REACHED
THE VACANT CABINET)

MEL: (CALLING) The fascination
is mutual.

(TAPPING CABINET)

She's reserved this for you!

38"

O.B. 11

Ext. Grounds of HQ. Day.

Clutching the
plastic sheet,
the Rani is en
route for the
lab.

END O.B. 11

5ⁿ

miniature shot -

15. INT. ARCADE. DAY.

THE DOCTOR: What is it I can
contribute that these other
geniuses can't.

(HE WANDERS
INTO THE LAB)

the other films

Asteroid Station

16. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

MEL: You're a Time Lord.

(MEL AND BEYUS
FOLLOW THE
DOCTOR IN)

THE DOCTOR: (ALMOST TO HIMSELF)
With a unique conceptual understanding
of the properties of Time.

(BEYUS HAS CROSSED
TO THE MAIN
ENTRANCE, LISTENING
ANXIOUSLY)

(ABRUPTLY TO BEYUS) Do you have any
idea what could be in there?

(POINTING TO
THE SPHERICAL
CHAMBER)

BEYUS: No. She's never permitted
me to see.

THE DOCTOR: Pity. Why have you -
um - er - assisted?

BEYUS: Collaborated is the word
you've avoiding, Doctor. I've no
choice -

F₁

stet

~~FALCON~~

~~MEL:~~ She's coming!
stet

switches on
she shuts the
monitor door.

(IN THE GENERAL
SCRAMBLE, THE
DOCTOR BUNDLES
MEL INTO THE
ARCADE)

THE DOCTOR: Look after Mel, Beyus!

F₂

FAROON: (FROM ARCADE) I'll take
her with me.

(THE DOCTOR BEGINS
TO SHUT THE DOOR)

M₁

MEL: Doctor! You can't stay!

D

THE DOCTOR: Go, Mel! Go!

(HE SLAMS THE
DOOR AND SCAMPERS
AWAY IN A NOT
TOO CONVINCING
SHOW OF NON-
CHALANCE AS THE
RANI ENTERS.

R₁

DIASTER!

puts in
Schoosare.

HE BECOMES AWARE
HE'S FORGOTTEN
TO SWITCH OFF
THE MONITOR.

HE GRABS THE
SHEET OF PLASTIC
AS A DIVERSION)

R₂

(BLUSTERING) Let me see. Yes. Yes.
That's polyethersulphone. Excellent.
How clever of you, Mel. Where did
you find it?

RANI: Storeroom. Why's the monitor on?

(she snatches it off)

THE DOCTOR: On? Is it? The monitor? I was just trying to jog my memory. No luck though. Hold the other end, Mel.

(HE IS FIXING
THE PLASTIC
ONTO THE MACHINE)

1'05"

S

ARCADE.
17. INT. EXIT TO GROUNDS. DAY.

(MEL AND FAROON
HURRY THROUGH
THE EXIT)

*Beyus smokes out
Melt faroon.*

54

Shirley

18. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

*Outside
cover*

(THE PLASTIC
SHEET IS ALMOST
IN PLACE AND
THE DOCTOR IS
TIGHTENING
THE CLIPS)

RANI: Turned pyromaniac too,
have you?

(HER KEEN EYES
HAVE NOT OVERLOOKED
THE BURNT STOOL
SEAT)

THE DOCTOR: Soldering what-d'ye-
call it slipped. You're not
concentrating, Mel. Hold the sheet
still. I'll have to manoeuvre
it into position.

RANI: You're rather adept at
manoeuvring, aren't you, Doctor.

(A FLICKER OF
UNCERTAINTY
FROM THE DOCTOR)

THE DOCTOR: Ah well, where there's
a will there's a Tom, Dick and Harry.

(THE PLASTIC SHEET
IS IN POSITION)

RANI: Do I take it the machine's now operational?

THE DOCTOR: No, no, no, no! There's information I simply must have before I make the final delicate adjustments.

RANI: Such as?

THE DOCTOR: Ideally, what's in there.

(HE POINTS AT
THE SPHERICAL
CHAMBER)

RANI: Less ideally?

THE DOCTOR: The identity of this rather interesting substance.

(HE DIPS HIS FINGER
INTO THE GOO
IN THE CRYSTAL
TANK)

RANI: The information's essential, is it?

THE DOCTOR: Crucial.

RANI: So if I told you it's chemical composition, I could do that -

(SHE STABS THE
START BUTTON)

THE DOCTOR: Stop! You can't!

(THE DOCTOR'S
VOICE IS DROWNED
BY A COMPOSITE
DIN OF GUGLING,
ENGINE WHINE,
AND STACCATO
CRACKS FROM THE
CATALYST AS THE
FERMENTING,
GLUTINOUS LIQUID
OOZES THROUGH
THE ELABORATE
APPARATUS.

*all starts
working*

THE RANI IS REGARDING
THE DOCTOR WITH
COOL APPRAISAL)

RANI: You know, don't you!

(SHE STRIPS OFF
THE WIG)

But your usefulness is not over.
You've another role to play.

*ties her in
his scarf.*

(WILDLY, THE DOCTOR
SNATCHES UP HIS
MESS OF FLEX
AND CABLES AND
TOSSES IT OVER
THE RANI.

DASHING TO THE
ARCADE DOOR, HE
DABS IN THE
COMBINATION NUMBER)

1'05"

19. INT. ARCADE. DAY.

(BEYUS IS ALONE
IN THE ARCADE
AS THE DOCTOR
BURSTS IN AND
HARES OFF IN
THE DIRECTION
OF THE EYRIE)

5"

20. INT. LABORATORY. DAY.

(DISENTANGLING
HERSELF FROM
THE CABLES, THE
RANI HURRIES
TOWARDS THE ARCADE
DOOR)

scarf

8"

21. INT. PORTAL. EYRIE. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR
PAUSES, UNCERTAIN
WHICH WAY TO
RUN.

HE OPTS TO
GO INTO THE
EYRIE)

no sound.

8"

- picks up tinder -

22. INT. ARCADE. DAY.

(COMING FROM THE
LAB, THE RANI
IGNORES THE
IMPASSIVE BEYUS
AND RUSHES IN
THE DIRECTION OF
THE EYRIE)

5"

23. INT. EYRIE. DAY.

(IN DISMAY,
THE DOCTOR
BLINKS AT THE
CREATURES HANGING
FROM THE RAFTERS)

10ⁿ

Rani

24. INT. PORTAL. EYRIE. DAY.

(THE RANI PAUSES,
DECIDES TO
CHECK THE EYRIE)

10

25. INT. EYRIE. DAY.

(FROM THE THRESHOLD,
THE RANI LOOKS
ABOUT, NO SIGN
OF THE DOCTOR.

SHE CROUCHES
TO INSPECT THE
GAP BETWEEN THE
HANGING TETRAPS
AND THE FLOOR,
NO SIGN OF HER
QUARRY'S LEGS.

SHE EXITS.

TRACK PAST THE
TETRAPS TO FIND
THE DOCTOR SUSPENDED
FROM THE RAFTERS
(RIGHT WAY UP).

GINGERLY, HE LOWERS
HIMSELF TO THE
FLOOR AND EXHALES
A SIGH OF RELIEF.

THE UPSIDE DOWN
HEAD OF A SLEEPING
TETRAP IS LEVEL
WITH THE DOCTOR'S
FACE.

ITS VEINED, EYE
SNAPS OPEN, AND
ITS FORKED TONGUE
DARTS BETWEEN THE
RAZOR SHARP CUSPIDS)

*Flying
Tetrap*

animatronic

20

FADE OUT